THE NEW

DUNCIAD:

As it was Found

In the Year 1741.

WITH THE

ILLUSTRATIONS of *SCRIBLERUS*,

AND

Notes VARIORUM.

LONDON:

Printed for T. COOPER in *Pater-noster Row*. 1742.

[Price Eight Pence.]

THE NEW

DUNCIAD:

As it was Found

In the Year 1741.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AND

Notes VARIORUM.

LONDON:

Printed for T. C[illegible]

TO THE READER.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the Three first Books *of the* Dunciad, *that we publish this* Fourth. *It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the* Library *of a late eminent Nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only* incorrect, *but* unfinished. *That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefix'd to it; where it is said, that* the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it; *and from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that* the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a Greater Dunciad. *But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than* Tucca *and* Varius *for that of the last six books of the* Æneid, *tho' perhaps inferior to the former.*

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more compleat: In which, we also promise to insert any criticisms *that shall be published, if at all to the purpose, with the* names *of the* authors; *or any letters sent us (tho' not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of* Epistolæ obscurorum virorum; *which, together with some others of the same kind (formerly laid by for that purpose) may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.*

The

12+

The ARGUMENT.

Book the Fourth.

THE Poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation, (as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter it to be sung,) He shows the Goddess coming in her Majesty to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silenceth the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them also divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of Dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her: one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Genius's of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause, by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the universities. The Universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observ'd in the progress of education: The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young Gentlemen, returned from travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels; presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and indues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sets loitering about her a number of indolent persons, abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness; to whom approaches the Antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him: but Mummius, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds-nests, moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the Minute Philosophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; then confers on them orders and degrees; and finally dismissing them with a speech, confirms to each his privileges, warns one in particular not to exceed them, and concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue, the effects of which are not unfelt at this day.

THE

THE DUNCIAD.

Book the Fourth.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos and Eternal Night!
Of darkneſs viſible ſo much be lent,
As half to ſhow, half veil the deep intent.

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, BOOK IV.] This book may properly be diſtinguiſhed from the former by the name of the GREATER DUNCIAD; not ſo indeed in ſize, but in ſubject; and ſo far contrary to the diſtinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Leſſer Iliad*. But much are they miſtaken who imagine this work in any wiſe inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain, than that the *Iliad* itſelf was the work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomuomachia*, of *Homer*, as the learned *Barnes* hath affirmed. Nor is it imperfect or incorrect, ſave in ſome few places, which we ſhall remark. SCRIBL.

VERSE 2.—*dread Chaos and Eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the reſtoration of their empire is the action of the poem, referring to the prophecy in verſe 338. of the third book:

She comes, the cloud-compelling pow'r, behold!
With Night primæval, and with Chaos old, &c.

V. 1, &c.] This is an invocation of much piety. The Poet, willing to approve himſelf a genuine ſon, beginneth by ſhewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulneſs*) his high reſpect for *antiquity* and a *great family*, how dull, or dark ſoever; next declareth his love for *myſtery* and *obſcurity*; and laſtly, his impatience to be *reunited* to her. SCRIBL.

V. 4.—*half to ſhow, half veil the deep intent.*] This is a great propriety; for a dull Poet can never expreſs himſelf otherwiſe than by *halves* or im-

Ye Pow'rs! whoſe myſteries reſtor'd I ſing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suſpend a while your force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
'Twas when the Dog-ſtar's unpropitious ray
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forſook his bow'r,
The moon-ſtruck Prophet felt the madding hour:
Then roſe the ſeed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguiſh light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

She

REMARKS.

imperfectly. There are ſome, I know, who underſtand it very differently: as if the author in this work had indeed a *deep intent*; that there were in it *myſteries*, or ἀπόῤῥητα, which he durſt not fully reveal; and that in divers verſes (according to *Milton*)

——*more is meant than meets the ear.*

V. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing.*] Fair and ſoftly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place) for ſure, in ſpite of this unuſual modeſty, he ſhall not travel ſo faſt toward oblivion, as divers others of more confidence have done: for when I revolve in my mind the catalogue of thoſe who have the moſt boldly promiſed to themſelves immortality, *viz. Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronſard, Oldham*, [Lyrics,] and *Lycophron, Statius, Camoens, Chapman, Blackmore*, [Heroics,] I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkneſs. But it becometh not us, who have taken upon us the office of commentator, to ſuffer our Poet thus prodigally to caſt away his life: contrary-wiſe, the more hidden and abſtruſe is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common underſtanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the ſame, in the face of men and angels. Herein ſhall we imitate the laudable ſpirit of thoſe who have (for this very reaſon) delighted to comment on the fragments of dark and uncouth authors, preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and choſen to give light to *Lycophron*, rather than to hold a candle to *Homer*. SCRIBL.

V. 7.—*force inertly ſtrong.*] Alluding to the *vis inertiæ* of *matter*, which, tho' it really has no power, is yet the foundation of all its qualities and attributes.

V. 14. *To blot out order, and extinguiſh light.*] The two great ends of her miſſion; the one in quality of daughter of *Chaos*, the other as daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be underſtood extenſively, both as civil and moral, the diſtinctions between high and low in ſociety, and true and falſe in individuals: *light*, as intellectual only, wit, ſcience, arts.

V. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines,)
Soft on her lap her laureate ſon reclines.
Beneath her footſtool, Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound,
There ſtript, fair Rhet'ric languiſh'd on the ground,

REMARKS.

allegory continued: *dull* referring to the extinction of light or ſcience; *venal*, to the deſtruction of order, or the truth of things.

V. 15.—*a new world.*] In alluſion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the diſſolution of the preſent world into night and chaos, a new one ſhould ariſe, which the Poet makes to partake of its original principles.

V. 16.—lead *and* gold.] i. e. dull and venal.

V. 17.—*her head a cloud conceal'd,*
In broad effulgence all below *reveal'd.*

It was the opinion of the ancients, that the Divinities manifeſted themſelves to men by their *back-parts*, Virg. Æn. 1.

—& avertens, *roſea cervice refulſit.*

But this paſſage may admit of a more modern expoſition, by the adage, "*The higher you climb, the more you ſhew your a——.*" Verified in no inſtance more than in Dulneſs aſpiring; emblematized alſo by an ape climbing, and expoſing his poſteriors.

SCRIBL.

V. 20.—*her laureate ſon reclines.*] With great judgment is it imagined by the Poet, that ſuch a collegue as Dulneſs had elected, ſhould ſleep on the throne, and have very little ſhare in the action of the poem: accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing, having paſt thro' the ſecond book without taking part in whatever was tranſacted about him, and thro' the third in profound ſleep. Nor ought this, well conſidered, to ſeem ſtrange in our days, when ſo many *King-Conſorts* have done the like. SCRIBL.

V. *id.*—*her laureate.*] "When I find my name in the ſatirical works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT TO HIMSELF. For he conſiders that *my face* is more *known* than moſt in the nation; and therefore *a lick at the Laureate* will always be a ſure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers." *Life of C. C. chap. 2.*

Now, if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their ſucceſs to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanſwerable argument, that this DUNCIAD, as well as the former, hath had the author's laſt hand, and was by him intended for the preſs: or elſe to what purpoſe hath he crowned it, as we ſee, by this finiſhing ſtroke, the profitable lick at the Laureate? SCRIBL.

V. 21, 22. *Beneath her footſtool,* &c.] We are next preſented with the pictures of thoſe whom the Goddeſs leads

His blunted arms by ſophiſtry are born,
And ſhameleſs Billinſgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Caſuiſtry in lawn,
Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulneſs gives her Page the word.
Mad *Matheſis* alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind;
Now to pure ſpace lifts her extatic ſtare,
Now running round the circle, finds it ſquare.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muſes lye,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
Oft to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breaſt:
Oft her gay ſiſter's life and ſpirit fled;
But Hiſtory and Satire held their head:
Nor

REMARKS.

leads in captivity. *Science* is only depreſſed and confined, ſo as to be rendred uſeleſs: but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, puniſhed, or driven away; *Dulneſs* being often reconciled in ſome degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be ſeen, that ſhe admits ſomething like *each Science*, in its room, for the better advancement of her empire.

V. 30.—*gives her* Page *the word.*] Her *Page*, to wit her *Mute*; alluding to the cuſtom of ſtrangling ſtate-criminals in *Turkey* by Mutes or Pages: A practice more decent than that of *our Pages*, who, before they hang any perſon, load him with reproachful language. SCRIBL.

V. 31. *Mad* Matheſis.] Alluding to the ſtrange concluſions ſome mathematicians have deduced, from their principles of the *real quantity of matter*, the *reality of ſpace*, &c.

V. 33.—*pure ſpace.*] i. e. pure and defæcated from matter.

V. 34.—*running round the* circle, *finds it ſquare.*] Regards the wild and fruitleſs attempts of *ſquaring the circle*.

V. 36. *Watch'd both by* Envy's *and by* Flatt'ry's *Eye.*] One of the misfortunes falling on authors, from the *act* for ſubjecting *plays* to the power of a licenſer, being the falſe repreſentations to which they were expoſed, from ſuch as either gratified their envy to merit, or made their court to greatneſs, by perverting general reflections againſt vice into libels on particular perſons.

V. 40. *But* Hiſtory *and* Satire.] Hiſtory holds up the head of Tragedy; Satire, of Comedy, as their aſſiſtants in the diſcharge of their diſtinct functions: the one in high life, recording the crimes and puniſhments of the great; the other in low, expoſing the vices or follies of the common people.

Nor cou'd'ſt thou, Cheſterfield! a tear refuſe;
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Muſe!
When lo! a harlot-form ſoft-ſliding by,
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid eye;
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aſide:
By ſinging Peers up-held on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſtand,
Caſt on the proſtrate Nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo ſpoke.
O *Cara! Cara!* ſilence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Diviſion reign.
My racks and tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their ſenſe.

One

REMARKS.

V. 41. *Nor cou'd'ſt thou*, &c.] This Noble perſon, in the year 1737, when the act aforeſaid was brought into the houſe of Lords, oppoſed it in an excellent ſpeech (ſays Mr. *Cibber*) "with a lively ſpirit, and uncom-"mon eloquence." This ſpeech had the honour to be anſwered by the ſaid Mr. *Cibber*, with a lively ſpirit alſo, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th chapter of his *Life* and *Manners*. And here, gentle reader, would I gladly inſert the other ſpeech, whereby thou mighteſt judge between them: but I muſt defer it on account of ſome differences not yet adjuſted between the Noble author and myſelf, concerning the *true reading* of certain paſſages. SCRIBL.

V. 43. *When lo! a harlot-form.*] Every reader will ſee, that from this verſe to the 68th is a detached piece. We ſuppoſe it rightly inſerted here, from what is ſaid of her caſting a ſcornful look on the *proſtrate Muſes*: but if any one can ſhow us a properer place, we ſhall be obliged to him.

—The attitude given to this phantom, repreſents the nature and genius of the *Italian* opera; its affected airs, its luxurious and effeminating ſounds, and the practice of patching up theſe operas with favourite tunes, incoherently put together. Theſe things were ſupported by the ſubſcriptions of the Nobility.

V. 52. —*let Diviſion reign.*] Alluding to the falſe taſte of playing tricks in muſick with numberleſs diviſions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the ſenſe, and applies to the paſſions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a greater number of hands, and more variety of inſtruments into the orcheſtra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved ſo much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his muſick into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced for want of compoſers to practiſe the patch-work above mentioned.

One trill ſhall harmonize joy, grief and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting ſtage;
To the ſame notes thy ſons ſhall hum or ſnore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry *Encore*.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus reigns,
Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains.
But ſoon, ah ſoon rebellion will commence,
If muſic meanly borrows aid from Senſe:
Strong in new arms lo giant Handel ſtands;
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To ſtir, to rowze, to ſhake the ſoul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arreſt him, Empreſs! or you ſleep no more——
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian ſhore.
And now had Fame's poſterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations ſummon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway,
One inſtinct ſeizes, and tranſports away.
None need a guide, by ſure attraction led,
And ſtrong, impulſive gravity of head.

None

REMARKS.

V. 59.—*thy own* Phœbus *reigns.*]

Tuus jam regnat Apollo. VIRG.

Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern *Phœbus* of *French* extraction, married to the Princeſs *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulneſs, and an aſſiſtant to opera. Of whom ſee *Bouhours*, and other critics of that nation. SCRI.

V. 69.—*Fame's poſterior trumpet.*] *Poſterior*, viz. her *ſecond* or *more certain* report: unleſs we imagine this word *poſterior* to relate to the poſition of one of her trumpets, according to *Hudibras:*

She blows not both with the ſame wind,
But one before and one behind,
And therefore modern authors name
One good, and t'other evil fame.

V. 73. *None need a* guide,—*none want a* place—] The ſons of Dulneſs are *ἀυτοδίδακτοι*, and can introduce themſelves into all places; they want no inſtructors in ſtudy, nor guides in life.

V. 71. to 101.] It ought to be obſerved, that here are three claſſes in this aſſembly. The firſt, of men abſolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddeſs, and are imaged in the ſimile of the bees about their Queen. The ſecond, involuntarily drawn to her, tho' not caring to own her influence, from

verſe

None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.
Not cloſer, orb in orb conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing bees about their duſky Queen.
The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confeſs.
Not thoſe alone, who paſſive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels more advance her cauſe.
Whate'er of Dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one claſs admits,
A Wit with Dunces and a Dunce with Wits,
Nor abſent they, no members of her ſtate,
Who pay her homage in her ſons the great;
Who, falſe to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his word without a call:
Patrons, who ſneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the penſion, and ſet up the head;
Or veſt dull Flatt'ry in the ſacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown:
And (laſt and worſt) with all the cant of wit,
Without the ſoul, the Muſe's hypocrit.
There march'd the Bard and blockhead, ſide by ſide,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.

Narciſ-

REMARKS.

verſe 79. to 89. The third, of ſuch, as tho' not members of her ſtate, yet advance her ſervice by flattering Dulneſs, cultivating miſtaken talents, patronizing vile ſcriblers, diſcouraging living merit, or ſetting up for Wits, and men of taſte in arts they underſtand not; from verſe 89. to 101.

V. 91.—*falſe to* Phœbus.] Spoken of the ancient and true *Phœbus*, not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no choſen Prieſts or Poets, but equally inſpires any man that pleaſeth to ſing or preach. SCRIBL.

V. 93.—*who ſneak from living worth to dead.*] See the note on verſe 123.

Narciſſus, prais'd with all a parſon's pow'r,
Look'd a white lilly ſunk beneath a ſhow'r.
There mov'd Montalto with ſuperior air,
His ſtretch'd-out arm diſplay'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Thro' both he paſs'd, and bow'd from ſide to ſide.
But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Compos'd he ſtood, bold B—ſ—n thruſt him by:
On two unequal crutches prop'd he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Jonſton's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with ſober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
When Dulneſs, ſmiling,—"Thus revive the Wits;
But murder firſt, and mince them all to bits;
As erſt Medæa (cruel, ſo to ſave!)
A new edition of old Æſon gave.
Let ſtandard-authors thus, like trophies born,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn;
And you, my critics, in the chequer'd ſhade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourſelves have made.
Leave not a foot of verſe, a foot of Stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;

But

REMARKS.

V. 103. *There mov'd* Montalto.] An eminent perſon of Quality, who was about to publiſh a very pompous edition of a great author, very much at his own expence indeed.

V. 108.—*bold* B—ſ—n.] This man endeavoured to raiſe himſelf to fame by erecting monuments, ſtriking coins, and procuring tranſlations of *Milton*; and afterwards, by a great paſſion for *Arthur Jonſton* a *Scots* phyſician's verſion of the Pſalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, book 3.

V. 113.—*Thus revive*, &c.] The Goddeſs applauds the practice of tacking the obſcure names of perſons not eminent in any branch of learning, to thoſe of the moſt diſtinguiſhed writers, by printing *editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, or by ſetting up *monuments* diſgraced with their own names and inſcriptions.

V. 116. *Old Æſon.*] Of whom *Ovid* (very applicably to theſe reſtored authors)

Æſon *miratur*,
Diſſimilemque animum *ſubiit*—

V. 122. *A Page, a grave.*] For what

But ſpread, my ſons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick:
So by each Bard an Alderman ſhall ſit,
A heavy Lord ſhall hang at ev'ry Wit;
And while on Fame's triumphant car they ride,
Some ſlave of mine be pinion'd to their ſide.

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddeſs preſs,
Each eager to preſent the firſt addreſs:
Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance;
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance:
When lo! a ſpectre roſe, whoſe index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland bears,
Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears:
All fleſh is humbled, youth's bold courage cools,
Each ſhudd'ring owns the genius of the ſchools;
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling ſtands,
And holds his breeches cloſe with both his hands.

Then thus. Since man from beaſt by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When Reaſon doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.

C Plac'd

REMARKS.

what leſs than a grave can be granted to a dead author? or what leſs than a page can be allowed a living one?

V. 122. *A Page.*] *Pagina*, not *pediſſequus*. A page of a book, not a ſervant, follower or attendant; no Poet having had a *page* ſince the death of Mr. *Thomas Durfey*.

V. 125. *So by each Bard an Alderman*, &c.] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, editio Weſtmonaſterienſis.

V. 134. — *the dreadful wand.*] A thin cane is uſually born by ſchool-maſters, which drives the poor ſouls about like the wand of *Mercury*.

V. 140. *and holds his breeches.*] An effect of fear, ſomewhat like this, is deſcribed in the 7th *Æneid*,

Contremuit nemus, —
Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.

nothing being ſo natural in any apprehenſion, as to lay cloſe hold on whatever is ſuppoſed to be moſt in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would inſinuate theſe youthful ſenators (tho' ſo lately come from ſchool) to be under the undue influence of any maſter.

V. 143. — *like the Samian letter.*]

The

Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.
To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick ſprings of ſenſe,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain;
Confine the thought to exerciſe the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A Poet the firſt day, he dips his quill;
And what the laſt? a very Poet ſtill.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Loſt, loſt too ſoon in yonder houſe or hall.
There truant Wyndham every Muſe gave o'er,
There Talbot ſunk, and was a Wit no more!
How ſweet an Ovid, Murray, was our boaſt,
How many Martials were in Pult'ney loſt!
Elſe ſure ſome Bard, to our eternal praiſe,
In twice ten thouſand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that maſter-piece of man!

Oh

REMARKS.

The letter Y, uſed by *Pythagoras* as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice. *Perſius*,

Et tibi quæ Samios deduxit litera ramos.

V. 145. *Plac'd at the door*, &c.] This circumſtance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the index-hand before) ſeems to be an alluſion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the genius of human nature points out the road to be purſued by thoſe entering into life. Ὁ δὲ Γέρων ὁ ἄνωθεν ἐσπουδακὼς ἔχων χάρτην τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τὴν ἑτέραν ὥσπερ δεικνύων τι ἔστω Δαίμων καλέσαι, &c.

V. 151, 152. —*to exerciſe the breath, And keep them in the pale of words till death.*

By obliging them to get the Claſſic Poets by heart, which furniſhes them with endleſs matter for converſation, and verbal amuſement for their whole lives.

V. 166. —*that maſter-piece of man.*] *viz.* an *Epigram*. The famous Dr. *South* declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic poem. And the critics ſay "an Epic poem is the greateſt work human nature is capable of."

Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant reign,
Some gentle James to bleſs the land again!
To ſtick the Doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar-ſchool.
For ſure, if Dulneſs ſees a grateful day,
'Tis in the ſhade of arbitrary ſway.

REMARKS.

V. 168. *Some gentle* James, *&c.*] *Wilſon* tells us, that this King, *James* I. took upon himſelf to teach the *Latin* tongue to *Car* Earl of *Somerſet*; and that *Gondomar*, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, would ſpeak falſe *Latin* to him, on purpoſe to give him the pleaſure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himſelf into his good graces.

This great prince was the firſt who aſſumed the title of *Sacred Majeſty*, which his loyal clergy transferred from *God* to *him*. "The principles of paſſive obedience and nonreſiſtance (ſays the author of the *Diſſertation on Parties, letter* 8.) which before his time had ſculk'd perhaps in ſome old homily, were talk'd, written and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."

V. 173, 174.—*if Dulneſs ſees a grateful day,*
'Tis in the ſhade of arbitrary ſway.

And grateful it is in Dulneſs to make this confeſſion. I will not ſay ſhe alludes to that celebrated verſe of *Claudian*,

——*nunquam* libertas *gratior exſtat*
Quam ſub rege *pio*——

But this I will ſay, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and miſtaken, one for the other, by the graveſt authors. I ſhould therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verſe was thus,

——*nunquam* libertas *gratior exſtat*
Quam ſub lege *pia*——

and that *rege* was the reading only of Dulneſs herſelf. And therefore ſhe might allude to it. SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwiſe of this paſſage: the genuine reading is *libertas*, and *rege*: ſo *Claudian* gave it. But the error lies in the firſt verſe: It ſhould be *exit*, not *exſtat*; and then the meaning will be, that liberty was never *loſt*, or *went away*, with ſo good a grace, as under a good King; it being without doubt a tenfold ſhame to loſe it under a bad one.

This further leads me to animadvert upon a moſt grievous piece of nonſenſe to be found in all the editions of the author of the DUNCIAD himſelf. A moſt capital one it is, and owing to the confuſion above mentioned by *Scriblerus* of the two words *liberty* and *monarchy*. *Eſſay on Crit.*

Nature, like monarchy, *is but reſtrain'd*
By the ſame laws herſelf at firſt ordain'd.

Who ſees not, it ſhould be, *nature like* liberty? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus*, (even tho' the author himſelf ſhould oppugn) in all the impreſſions which have been or ſhall be made of his works. BENTLEY.

O! if my ſons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, ſufficient for a King;
That which my Prieſts, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign;
May you, may Cam and Iſis preach it long!
"The RIGHT DIVINE of KINGS to govern wrong.

Prompt at the call, around the Goddeſs roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a ſable ſhoal;
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Iſis! wanting to the day,
[Tho' Chriſt-church long kept prudiſhly away.]
Each ſtaunch Polemic ſtubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician ſtill expelling Lock,
Came whip and ſpur, and daſh'd thro' thin and thick,
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck.
As many quit the ſtreams that murm'ring fall
To lull the ſons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
Where B—tl—y late tempeſtuous wont to ſport
In troubled waters, but now ſleeps in Port.

Be-

REMARKS.

V. 186. *Tho' Chriſt-church.*] This line is doubtleſs ſpurious, and foiſted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it between *hooks*. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its proper deputies; nor did any college pay homage to Dulneſs in its whole body. BENTL.

V. 188.—*ſtill expelling* Lock.] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the univerſity of *Oxford*, to cenſure Mr. *Lock*'s *Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*, and to forbid the reading it.

V. 190. *On German* Crouzaz *and Dutch* Burgerſdyck.] There ſeems to be an improbability that the Doctors and heads of houſes ſhould ride on horſeback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But theſe are horſes of great ſtrength, and fit to carry any weight, as their *German* and *Dutch* extraction may manifeſt; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with names, as were the horſes *Pegaſus* and *Bucephalus*. SCRIB.

V. 191.—*the ſtreams.*] The river *Cam*, running by the walls of theſe colleges, which are particularly famous for their ſkill in diſputation.

V. 194.—*ſleeps in Port.*] *viz.* "now retired into harbour, after the tempeſts that had long agitated his ſociety." So *Scriblerus*. But the learned

Scipio

Before them march'd that awful Ariſtarch,
Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark,
His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aſide.
Low bow'd the reſt: he kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers pleaſe both man and God.
Miſtreſs! diſmiſs that rabble from your throne.
Avaunt —— is Ariſtarchus yet unknown?
Turn what they will to verſe, their toil is vain,
Critics like me ſhall make it proſe again.
Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your better:
Author of ſomething yet more great than letter;
While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.

'Tis

REMARKS.

Scipio Maffei underſtands it of a certain wine called *Port*, from *Oporto* a city of *Portugal*, of which this Profeſſor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. *de compotationibus academicis*.

V. 197. *His hat*, &c. — *So upright Quakers pleaſe both man and God.*] The hat-worſhip, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that ſect; yet, where it is neceſſary to pay that reſpect to man, (as in the courts of juſtice and houſes of parliament), they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conſcience, contrived to hire people to uncover them with the appearance of force.

V. 202. *Ariſtarchus.*] A famous commentator, and corrector of *Homer*, whoſe name has been frequently uſed to ſignify a ſevere critic.

V. 207, 208. *While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like* Saul, *Stands our* Digamma—] Alludes to the boaſted reſtoration of the Eolic Digamma, in his long-projected edition of *Homer*. He calls it *ſomething more than letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma ſet upon the ſhoulders of another.

IMITATIONS.

V. 199. *He kingly, did but nod.*] Milton,

—*He, kingly, from his ſtate declin'd not.*——

V. 202. —*Is* Ariſtarchus *yet unknown?*

—*Sic notus* Ulyſſes? Virg.

Doſt thou not feel me, Rome?
Ben. Johnſon.

V. 205. *Roman and Greek* Grammarians, *&c.*] Imitated from *Propertius* ſpeaking of the *Æneid*:

Cedite Romani *ſcriptores, cedite* Graii!
Neſcio quid majus *naſcitur Iliade*.

'Tis true, on Words is ſtill our whole debate,
Diſputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*,
To ſound or ſink in *cano*, O or A?
Or give up Cicero to C or K?
Let Freind affect to ſpeak as Terence ſpoke,
And Alſop never but like Horace joke;
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus ſhall ſupply:
For Attic phraſe in Plato let them ſeek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient ſenſe if any needs will deal,
Be ſure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus cook'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old ſcholiaſts o'er and o'er.
The critic eye, that microſcope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul,
Are things which Kuſter, Burman, Waſſe, ſhall ſee,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a *flea*.
Ah think not, Miſtreſs! more true Dulneſs lies
In Folly's cap, than Wiſdom's grave diſguiſe.

Like

REMARKS.

V. 210.---*of* Me *or* Te.] It was a ſerious diſpute, about which the learned were much divided, and ſome treatiſes written, Whether, at the end of the firſt ode of *Horace*, to read, Me *doctarum hædera præmia frontium*, or Te *doctarum hædera*;——Me *gelidum nemus*, or Te *gelidum nemus*, &c.

V. 212. *Or give up* Cicero *to* C *or* K.] Grammatical diſputes about the manner of pronouncing *Cicero*'s name.

V. 216. *Manilius* or *Solinus*.] Some critics having had it in their choice, to comment either on *Virgil* or *Manilius*, *Pliny* or *Solinus*, have choſen the worſe author, the more freely to diſplay their critical capacity.

V. 218, &c. *Suidas*, *Gellius*, *Stobæus*.] The firſt, a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the ſecond, a minute critic; the third, an author who gave his common-place-book to the publick, where we happen to find much mincemeat of old books.

V. 222. *Or chew'd by blind old ſcholiaſts o'er and o'er*.] Theſe taking the ſame things eternally from the mouth of one another.

Like buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
On Learning's ſurface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a houſe,
And much Divinity without a Nοῦς.
Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one Atterbury ſpoil'd the flock;
See! ſtill thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And Metaphyſic ſmokes involve the pole.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * *

What tho' we let ſome better ſort of fool
Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run thro' ev'ry ſchool?
Never by Tumbler thro' the hoops was ſhown
Such ſkill in paſſing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if ſober all this time)
Plague with diſpute, or perſecute with rhyme:
We only furniſh what he cannot uſe,
Or wed to what he muſt divorce, a Muſe:
Full

REMARKS.

V. 234. *And much Divinity without a* Nοῦς.] A word much affected by the learned *Ariſtarchus* in common converſation, to ſignify *genius* or natural *acumen*. But this paſſage has a further view: Νοῦς was the Platonic term for *mind*, or the *firſt cauſe*, and that ſyſtem of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature without a Νοῦς; ſuch as the Poet afterwards deſcribes, (ſpeaking of the dreams of one of theſe later Platoniſts)

Or that bright image *to our fancy draw*
Which Theocles *in raptur'd viſion ſaw,*
That Nature — &c.

V. 235, 236. *Barrow, Atterbury.*] *Iſaac Barrow* Maſter of Trinity, *Francis Atterbury* Dean of Chriſt-church, both great genius's and eloquent preachers; one more converſant in the ſublime Geometry, the other in Claſſical Learning, but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their ſeveral ſocieties.

V. 237.—*the heavy canon.*] Canon here, if ſpoken of *artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *canons of the houſe*, in the ſingular, and meant only of *one*: in which caſe I ſuſpect the *pole* to be a falſe reading, and that it ſhould be the *poll*, or head of that canon. SCRIB.

*** *Hiatus*, but not *valde deflendus*, ſince the learned *Ariſtarchus* loves a fragment.

Full in the midſt of Euclid, dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce;
Or ſet on Metaphyſic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a ſtep advance.
With the ſame cement, ever ſure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind;
Then take him to devellop, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
But wherefore waſte I words? I ſee advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.
Walker! our hat — nor more he deign'd to ſay,
But ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring puſh'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.

The

REMARKS.

V. 252.—*petrify a Genius.*] Thoſe who have no genius's employed in works of imagination, thoſe who have, in abſtract ſciences.

V. 258. *And hew the block off.*] A notion of *Ariſtotle*, that there was originally in every block of marble a ſtatue, which would appear on the removal of the ſuperfluous parts.

V. 260. — *lac'd Governor.*] Why *laced?* Becauſe gold and ſilver are neceſſary trimming to denote the dreſs of a perſon of rank, and the governor muſt be ſuppoſed ſo in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes *Ariſtarchus* to know by ſight that this governor comes from *France?* Why, by the laced coat. SCRIB.

V. *id. Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor.*] Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the governor ſhould have the precedence before the whore, if not before the pupil. But were he ſo placed, it might be thought to inſinuate that the governor led the pupil to the whore: And were the pupil placed firſt, he might be ſuppoſed to lead the governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, repreſents them in the order in which they are generally ſeen; namely the pupil between the whore and the governor; but placeth the whore firſt, as ſhe uſually governs both the other. SCRIB.

V. 262. — *ſtern as* Ajax' *ſpectre.*] See *Homer, Odyſſ.* 11. where the ghoſt of *Ajax* turns ſullenly from *Ulyſſes.*

V. 264. *And titt'ring puſh'd, &c.*] Hor. *Rideat & pulſet laſciva decentius ætas.*

The firſt came forward, with as eaſy mien
As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen:
Dulneſs delighted ey'd the lively Dunce,
Remembring ſhe herſelf was pertneſs once.
When thus th' attendant Orator begun:
Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd ſon:
Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
A dauntleſs infant never ſcar'd with God!
The ſire ſaw, ſmiling, his own virtues wake;
The mother begg'd the bleſſing of a rake:
Thou gav'ſt that ripeneſs which ſo ſoon began,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was boy nor man.
Thro' ſchool and college, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt;
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town;
Intrepid then o'er ſeas and lands he flew,
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!

REMARKS.

V. 268. *As if he ſaw St James's.*] Reflecting on the diſreſpectful and indecent behaviour of ſeveral forward young perſons in the preſence, ſo offenſive to all ſerious men, and to none more than the good *Scriblerus*.

V. 271. —*th' attendant Orator.*] The governor aboveſaid. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I preſume, to offend or do injuſtice to any, by celebrating one only, with whom this character agrees, in preference to ſo many who equally deſerve it. SCRIB.

V. 274. *A dauntleſs infant never ſcar'd with God.*] Hor.

—*ſine Dis animoſus infans.*

V. 280.—*unſeen the young Æneas paſt, Thence burſting glorious.* See Vir. Æn. 1.

At Venus obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu:
Cernere ne quis eos:—1. *neu quis contingere poſſet;*
2. *Molirive moram;*—*aut* 3. *veniendi poſcere cauſas.*

Where he enumerates the cauſes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1. that no body might touch or correct him; 2. might ſtop or detain him; 3. examine him about the progreſs he had made, or ſo much as gueſs why he came there!

To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber now no longer Roman rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian ſouls;
To happy convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their wines;
To iſles of fragrance, lilly-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing langour in the panting gales:
To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſp'ring woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lyon of the deeps;
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry vice on Chriſtian ground;
Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry King declare
His Royal ſenſe of op'ra's or the fair;
The ſtews and palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors-d'oeuvres*, all *Liqueurs* defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Left his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All Claſſic learning loſt on Claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd air, the *Eccho* of a *Sound!*

See

REMARKS.

V. 293.—*lilly-ſilver'd vales.*] Tuberoſes.

V. 298. *And Cupids ride the lyon of the deeps.*] The winged lyon, the arms of *Venice*. This republic, heretofore the moſt conſiderable in *Europe*, for her naval force and the extent of her commerce; now illuſtrious for her carnivals.

V. 308.—*greatly-daring din'd.*] It being indeed no ſmall riſque to eat thro' thoſe extraordinary compoſitions, whoſe diſguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the gueſts, and highly inflammatory and unwholſome.

V. 312. *And laſt turn'd* air, *the Eccho of a Sound.*] Yet leſs a body than Eccho itſelf; for Eccho reflects *ſenſe*, or *words* at leaſt; this Gentleman, only *airs* and *tunes*:

—Sonus *eſt, qui vivit in* illo. Ov. Met.

See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a ſolo in his head,
As much eſtate, and principle, and wit,
As Ja-ſ-n, Fl--tw--d, C-b--r, ſhall think fit,
Stoln from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And, if a borough chuſe him, not undone;
See! to my country happy I reſtore
The glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive, (for her my ſoul adores)
So may the ſons of ſons of ſons of whores,
Prop thine, O Empreſs! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long poſterity thy own.
Pleas'd, ſhe accepts the hero, and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from ſenſe of ſhame.
Then look'd, and ſaw a lazy, lolling ſort,
Unſeen at church, at ſenate, or at court,
Of ever-liſtleſs loit'rers, that attend
No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no friend,
Thee too, my Paridel! ſhe mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too-eaſy chair;

REMARKS.

V. 314. *With nothing but a* ſolo *in his head.*] With nothing but a *ſolo?* Why, if it be a *ſolo*, how ſhould there be any thing elſe? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an *opera*, which is enough of conſcience for ſuch a head as has loſt all its Latin. BENTL.

V. 316.—*Ja-ſ-n, Fl-tw-d, C-b-r.*] Three very eminent perſons, all managers of *plays*; who, tho' not governors by profeſſion, had each in his way concern'd themſelves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the moſt important, their entrance into the polite world.

V. 321. *Her too receive*, &c.] This confirms what the learned *Scriblerus* advanced in his note on V. 260. that the governor, as well as the pupil, had a particular intereſt in this lady.

V. 322. *So may the ſons of ſons*, &c.]

Et nati natorum, & qui naſcentur ab illis. Virg. Æn. 3.

V. 331. *And thee, my* Paridel!] The Poet ſeems to ſpeak of this young Gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from *Spencer*, who gives it to a *wandering courtly Squire*, that travell'd about for the ſame reaſon, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and eſpecially to *Paris*. *Fairy Queen. lib. can.* 9.

And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
The pains and penalties of idleneſs.
She pity'd! but her pity only ſhed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-diſſembl'd em'rald on his hand,
Falſe as his gems and canker'd as his coins,
Came cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily fox is ſeen to creep
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there;
So he; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his prayer:
Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat,
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!
Thy choicer miſts on this aſſembly ſhed,
But pour them thickeſt on the noble head!
So ſhall each youth, aſſiſted by our eyes,
See other Cæſars, other Homers riſe;
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowle
Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an owle;

Now

REMARKS.

V. 332, &c. *Stretch'd on the rack— And heard,* &c.] Virg. Æn. 6.

Sedet, æternumque ſedebit
Infelix Theſeus, Phlegyaſque miſerrimus omnes
Admonet——

V. 337. *Annius.*] The name taken from *Annius*, the Monk of *Viterbo*, famous for many impoſitions and forgeries of ancient manuſcripts and inſcriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity; but our *Annius* had a more ſubſtantial motive.

V. 345.—*grant me ſtill to cheat! O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!*

Hor.—*Da, pulchra Laverna,*
Da mihi fallere——
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.

V. *id.* ſtill *to cheat.*] Some read *ſkill:* but that is frivolous; for *Annius* hath that ſkill already; or if he had not, *ſkill* were not wanting to cheat ſuch perſons. BENTL.

V. 351.—*hunt th'* Athenian *fowle.*] The owle ſtamp'd on the reverſe of the ancient money of *Athens*.

Which Chalcis Gods, *and mortals call an* owle,

is the verſe by which *Hobbes* renders that of *Homer*,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι, Θεοὶ, Ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν.

Now ſee an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient braſs, tho' not in gold,
And keep his lares, tho' his houſe be ſold;
To headleſs Phæbe his fair bride poſtpone;
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bleſt in one Niger, till he knows of two.
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool renown'd,
Who, like his Cheops, ſtinks above the ground;
Fierce as a ſtartled adder, ſwell'd and ſaid,
Rattling an ancient ſiſtrum at his head:
Speak'ſt thou of Syrian princes? traitor baſe!
Mine, Goddeſs! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value riſe;
From fooliſh Greeks to ſteal them was as wiſe;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chac'd him on the deep:
Then

REMARKS.

V. 353. *Attys and Cecrops.*] The firſt Kings of *Athens*, of whom it is hard to ſuppoſe any coins are extant; but not ſo improbable as what follows, that there ſhould be any of *Mahomet*, who forbad all images. Nevertheleſs one of theſe *Annius's* made a counterfeit one, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman.

V. 362. *Cheops.*] A King of *Egypt*, whoſe body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramide, and is therefore more genuine than any of the *Cleopatra's*. This Royal mummy, being ſtoln by a wild *Arab*, was purchas'd by the Conſul of *Alexandria*, and tranſmitted to the muſæum of *Mummius*; for proof of which he brings a paſſage in *Sandy's Travels*, where that accurate and learned voyager aſſures us that he ſaw the ſepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (ſaith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to obſerve, that *Herodotus* tells the ſame thing of it in his time.

V. 365. *Speak'ſt thou of Syrian princes*, &c.] The ſtrange ſtory following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is juſtified by a true relation in *Spon's Voyages*. *Vaillant* (who wrote the hiſtory of the *Syrian* Kings, as it is to be found on medals) coming from the *Levant*, where he had been collecting coins, and being purſued by a corſair of *Sallee*, ſwallowed down twenty gold medals. A ſudden bouraſque freed him from the rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to *Avignon* he met two Phyſicians, of whom he demanded aſſiſtance. One ad-

Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he riſqu'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each Demi-god with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—— I rever'd them there;
I bought them, ſhrouded in that living ſhrine,
And, at their ſecond birth, they iſſue mine.
Witneſs great Ammon! by whoſe horns I ſwore,
(Reply'd ſoft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddeſs! clear of all deſign,
Bid me with Pollio ſup as well as dine:
There all the learn'd ſhall at the labour ſtand,
And D—gl—s lend his ſoft obſtetric hand.
The Goddeſs ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as locuſts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtic crown'd,
Each with ſome wondrous gift approach'd the pow'r,
A neſt, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r.
But far the foremoſt, two, with earneſt zeal
And aſpect ardent to the throne appeal.

The

REMARKS.

advis'd purgations; the other, vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but purſued his way to *Lyons*, where he found his ancient friend, the famous Phyſician and Antiquary *Dufour*, to whom he related his adventure. *Dufour* firſt ask'd him, *whether the medals were of the higher empire?* He aſſur'd him they were, and all of the firſt Emperors. *Dufour* was raviſh'd with the hope of poſſeſſing ſuch a treaſure; he bargain'd with him on the ſpot for the moſt curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

V. 373.—*each* Demi-god.] They are called Θεοὶ on their coins.

V. 377. *Witneſs great* Ammon!] *Jupiter Ammon* is call'd to witneſs as the father of *Alexander*, to whom thoſe Kings ſucceeded in the diviſion of the *Macedonian* empire, and whoſe *horns* they wore on their medals.

V. 384. D-gl-s.] A Phyſician of great learning, and no leſs taſte; above all curious in what relates to *Horace*, of whom he has collected every edition, tranſlation, and comment, to the number of ſeveral hundred volumes.

The firſt thus open'd. Hear thy ſuppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and ſun, and ſhow'r;
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I ſpread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head;
Then thron'd in glaſs, and nam'd it CAROLINE:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend ſuch rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiſcuous blaze?
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming, and no youth, Divine.
And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect luſt
Laid this gay daughter of the ſpring in duſt.
Oh puniſh him! or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no carnation fades!
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen.

Of

REMARKS.

V. 399.—*and nam'd it* Caroline.] It is a compliment which the Floriſts uſually pay to princes and great perſons, to give their names to the moſt curious flowers of their raiſing. Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious gardener at *Hammerſmith*, who cauſed his favourite to be painted on his ſign, with this inſcription, *This is* My *Queen Caroline*.

IMITATIONS.

V. 395. &c.] *Fair from its humble bed—Suckled, and chear'd—Then—nam'd it* Caroline.

Each maid cry'd, Charming, *and each youth,* Divine.

Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline!

No maid cries, Charming, *and no youth,* Divine.]

Theſe verſes are tranſlated from Catullus, Epit.

Ut flos in ſeptis ſecretus naſcitur hortis,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat ſol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.

Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the ſpring,
Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of heat and air.
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bow'r
The riſing game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r:
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain:
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At laſt it fix'd, ('twas on what plant it pleas'd)
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'd:
Roſe or Carnation, was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs! only in my ſphere,
I tell the naked fact without diſguiſe,
And, to excuſe it, need but ſhow the prize;
Whoſe ſpoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerleſs *Butterfly*.
My ſons! (ſhe anſwer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when ſhe recommends
To your fraternal care, our ſleeping friends.
Of ſouls the greater part, heav'ns common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And moſt but find that centinel of God
A drowſy watchman in the land of Nod,

And

REMARKS.

V. 430. — *our ſleeping friends.*] Of whom ſee V. 335. above.

V. 434. — *land of Nod.*] Beware, Reader, not to miſtake this for a mere idle *paramnoſia*. It was the land to which *Cain* retreated with his family, when they had laid *Reaſon* (this *centinel* of God) aſleep, and follow'd only the guidance of their paſſions. SCRIB.

IMITATIONS.

V. 411. *Of all th' enamel'd race.*] The Poet ſeems to have had an eye to *Spencer*, *Muiopotmos*.

Of all the race of ſilver-winged flies
Which do poſſeſs the empire of the air.

V. 417, 418. *It fled, I follow'd*, &c.] Milt.

——— *I ſtarted back,*
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon ———

And yet the dulleſt brain, if gently ſtir'd,
Perhaps may waken to a humming bird;
The moſt recluſe, diſcreetly open'd, find
Congenial object in the cockle kind;
The mind in Metaphyſics at a loſs,
May wander in a wilderneſs of moſs;
The head that turns at ſuper-lunar things
Poiz'd with a tail, may ſteer on Wilkins' wings.

O! would the ſons of men once think their eyes
And reaſon giv'n them, but to ſtudy *flies!*
See Nature in ſome partial narrow ſhape,
And let the Author of the whole eſcape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who moſt obſerve,
To wonder at their Maker, not to ſerve.

Be that my taſk (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to myſt'ry, yet divinely dark,

REMARKS.

V. 440. —*a wilderneſs of moſs.*] Of which the Naturaliſts count above three hundred ſpecies.

V. 442. —Wilkins' *wings.*] One of the firſt projectors of the Royal Society; who, among many enlarged and uſeful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a poſſibility to fly to the moon; which has put ſome volatile genius's upon making wings for that purpoſe.

V. 443. *O would the ſons of men,* &c.] This is the third and laſt ſpeech of the Goddeſs to her ſupplicants, and completes the whole of what ſhe had to give in inſtruction on this important occaſion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion. In the firſt ſpeech, ver. 113. to her editors and conceited Critics, ſhe directs how to deprave Wit and diſcredit fine Writers. In her ſecond, ver. 167. to the Educators of Youth, ſhe ſhows them how all Civil Duties may be extinguiſh'd, in that one doctrine of Divine Hereditary Right. And in this third, ſhe charges the Inveſtigators of Nature to amuſe themſelves in trifles, and reſt in ſecond cauſes, with a total diſregard of the firſt. This being all that Dulneſs can wiſh, is all ſhe needs to ſay; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath manag'd it) what hath been ſaid of true Wit, that *ſhe neither ſays too little, nor too much.*

V. 449.—*a gloomy Clerk.*] The epithet *gloomy* in this line may ſeem the ſame with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and diſaſtrous condition of an irreligious ſceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled ſyſtems.

Whoſe pious hope aſpires to ſee the day
When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay,
And damns implicite faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impoſe, and fond to dogmatize.)
Let others creep by timid ſteps, and ſlow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common ſenſe to common knowledge bred,
And laſt, to Nature's Cauſe thro' Nature led.
All-ſeeing in thy miſts, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and ſource of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori road,
And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature ſtill incroach upon his plan;
And ſhove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thruſt ſome mechanic cauſe into his place;
Or bind in matter, or diffuſe in ſpace.

Or,

REMARKS.

V. 452. *When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay.*] Alluding to a ridiculous and abſurd way of ſome Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions; according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that *Julius Cæſar* was in *Gaul*, or died in the ſenate-houſe. See *Craig's Theologiæ Chriſtianæ Principia Mathematica.* But as it ſeems evident, that facts of a thouſand years old, for inſtance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain, that, if in fifty more they quite diſappear, it muſt be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our Goddeſs; for whoſe help therefore they have reaſon to pray.

V. 461. *—the high Priori road.*] Thoſe who, from the effects in this viſible world, deduce the eternal power and godhead of the firſt cauſe, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet diſcover ſo much of him, as enables them to ſee the end of their creation, and the means of their happineſs; whereas they who take this high *Priori* road, (ſuch as *Hobbes, Spinoſa, Des Cartes*, and ſome better reaſoners) for one that goes right, ten loſe themſelves in miſts, or ramble after viſions, which deprive them of all ſight of their end, and miſlead them in the choice of wrong means.

V. 463. *Make Nature ſtill.*] This relates to ſuch as being aſhamed to aſſert a mere mechanic cauſe, and yet unwilling to forſake it entirely, have had recourſe to a certain *Plaſtic Nature, Elaſtic Fluid*, &c.

V. 465. *Thruſt ſome* mechanic cauſe *into his place;*
Or bind in matter, *or diffuſe in* ſpace.]

The firſt of theſe follies is that of *Des Cartes*, the ſecond of *Hobbes*, the third of ſome ſucceeding Philoſophers.

Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cauſe,
Find virtue local, all relation ſcorn,
See all in *ſelf*, and but for *ſelf* be born;
Of nought ſo certain as our *reaſon* ſtill,
Of nought ſo doubtful as of *ſoul* and *will*.
Oh hide the God ſtill more! or make us ſee
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee:
Wrapt up in ſelf, a God without a thought,
Regardleſs of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd viſion ſaw,

REMARKS.

V. 467. *Or, at one bound*, &c.] Here the Poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philoſophy, deſcends to thoſe in Moral,

Make God man's image, man the final cauſe,
Find virtue local, *all* relation *ſcorn*,
See all in ſelf—]

Man was made according to *God's image*; this falſe Theology, meaſuring his attributes by ours, makes God after *man's image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *reaſon*; the next, of imagining himſelf the final cauſe, is the effect of his *pride*; as the making virtue and vice arbitrary, and morality the impoſition of the magiſtrate, is of the corruption of his heart: Hence he centers every thing in *himſelf*. The progreſs of Dulneſs herein differing from that of Madneſs, one ends in *ſeeing all in God*, the other in *ſeeing all in ſelf*.

V. 471. *Of nought ſo certain as our* reaſon *ſtill*.] Of which we have moſt cauſe to be diffident. *Of nought ſo doubtful as of* ſoul *and* will, two things the moſt ſelf-evident, the exiſtence of our ſoul, and the freedom of our will.

V. 474. *Such as Lucretius drew.*] lib. 1. ver. 57.

Omnis enim per ſe Divom natura neceſſe eſt
Immortali ævo, ſumma cum pace, *fruatur*,
Semota *à noſtris rebus*, ſejunctaque *longe*—
Nec bene promeritis *capitur, nec tangitur* ira.

From whence the two verſes following are tranſlated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddeſs. SCRIB.

V. 477. *Or that* bright image.] *Bright image* was the title given by the latter Platoniſts to that idea of *Nature* which they had form'd in their fancy, Αὐτοπτον Αγαλμα, or the *ſelf-ſeen image*.

V. 478. *Which* Theocles *in raptur'd viſion ſaw.*] Thus this Philoſopher calls upon his friend, to partake with him in theſe viſions.

"To-morrow, when the eaſtern ſun

With

While thro' poetic ſcenes the *Genius* roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That NATURE, our ſociety adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.
Rous'd at his name, up roſe the bowzy ſire,
And ſhook from out his pipe the ſeeds of fire;
Then ſnapt his box, and ſtrok'd his belly down,
Roſy and rev'rend, tho' without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the Goddeſs *Dame*:
Then thus. From prieſt-craft happily ſet free,
Lo! ev'ry finiſh'd ſon returns to thee:
Firſt ſlave to words, then vaſſal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the ſame;
Bounded

REMARKS.

With his firſt beams adorns the front
Of yonder hill, if you're content
To wander with me in the woods you ſee,
We will purſue thoſe loves of ours,
By favour of the ſylvan nymphs:
and invoking firſt the *genius* of the *place*, we'll try to obtain at leaſt ſome faint and diſtant view of the *ſovereign genius* and *firſt beauty*." *Charact.* vol. 2. p. 245.

This *genius* is thus apoſtrophized (p. 345.) by the ſame Philoſopher.

"—O glorious *Nature!*
Supremely fair, and ſovereignly good!
All-loving, and all-lovely! all divine!
Wiſe ſubſtitute of Providence! *impower'd*
Creatreſs! or, *impow'ring Deity*,
Supreme Creator!
Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore."

Sir *Iſaac Newton* diſtinguiſhes between theſe two in a very different manner. [*Princ. Schol. gen. ſub fin.*]—*Hanc cognoſcimus ſolummodo per proprietates ſuas & attributa, & per ſapientiſſimas & optimas rerum ſtructuras, & cauſas finales; veneramur autem & colimus ob dominium.* Deus *etenim ſine dominio, providentia, & cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam* fatum & natura.

V. 479.—*roves, Or wanders wild in academic groves.*] "Above all things I loved *eaſe*, and of all Philoſophers thoſe who reaſoned moſt *at their eaſe*, and were never angry or diſturbed, as thoſe called *Sceptics* never were. I look'd upon this kind of philoſophy as the *prettieſt, agreeableſt, roving exerciſe of the mind*, poſſible to be imagined." *vol. 2. p. 206.*

V. 482. *Silenus.*] *Silenus* was an *Epicurean* Philoſopher, as appears from *Virgil, eclog. 6.* where he ſings the principles of that philoſophy in his drink.

V. 484. *Seeds of fire.*] The *Epicurean* language, *ſemina rerum*, or atoms. *Virg. eclog. 6. Semina ignis,—ſemina flammæ—*

V. 491. *Firſt ſlave to words, &c.*]

Bounded by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I ſeen,
Smiling on all, and ſmil'd on by a Queen;
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth;
To thee the moſt rebellious things on earth:
Now, to thy ſhade from all their glory ſhrunk;
All melted down, in penſion, or in punk!
So *, ſo * *, ſneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half and half a harlot's ſlave.
Poor W**, nipt in folly's broadeſt bloom,
Who praiſes now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breaſt;
Thy *Magus*, Goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt.
With that, a WIZARD OLD his *cup* extends,
Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, anceſtors, himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Up to a *ſtar*, and like Endymion dies:
A *feather* ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
Loſt

REMARKS.

A recapitulation of the whole courſe of modern education deſcribed in this book, which confines youth to the ſtudy of words only in ſchools, ſubjects them to the authority of ſyſtems in the univerſities, and deludes them with the names of party-diſtinctions in the world; all equally concurring to narrow the underſtanding, and eſtabliſh ſlavery and error, in literature, philoſophy, and politicks: the whole finiſhed in modern free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and deſtructive to the happineſs of mankind, as it eſtabliſhes *ſelf-love* for the ſole principle of action.

V. 507. —*his cup, Which whoſo taſtes*, &c.] The *cup* of *ſelf-love*, which cauſes a total oblivion of all the obligations of friendſhip, honour, and ſervice of God or our country; all ſacrificed to vain-glory, court-worſhip, or to yet meaner conſiderations, of lucre and brutal pleaſures. From ver. 510 to 518.

IMITATIONS.

V. 507, &c. *Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends, Sire*, &c.] Homer of the potion of the nepenthe. Odyſſ. 4.

Αυτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τὸν γε βάλε φρεσὶν ἡδὺς ὀδυνάων,
ἐν δ' ἔβαλε κρατερὸν νηπενθέα τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθα
Ὃν δ' ἂν τόνγε πίῃσι κεκραμένον ὡς τὸ πρῶτον

Loſt is his God, his country, ev'ry thing,
And nothing left but homage to a King.
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horſes, or to hunt with dogs:
But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.
But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to ev'ry child
Firm impudence, or ſtupefaction mild;
And ſtrait ſucceeded, leaving ſhame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes,
But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint,
Beholds himſelf a patriot, chief, or ſaint.
On others, Int'reſt her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'reſt that waves on party-colour'd wings;
Turn'd to the ſun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe.
Others, the Syren ſiſters compaſs round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.

Great

REMARKS.

V. 513. *Loſt is his God, his country—And nothing left but homage to a King.*] So ſtrange as this muſt ſeem to a mere *Engliſh* reader, the famous *Monſ. de la Bruyere* declares it to be the character of every good ſubject in a monarchy: "Where (ſays he) *there is no ſuch thing as love of our country*; the intereſt, the glory and ſervice of the prince ſupply its place." *De la republique, chap.* 10.

V. 518.—*ſtill keep the human ſhape.*] The effects of the *Magus*'s cup are juſt contrary to that of *Circe*. Her's took away the ſhape, and left the human mind; this takes away the mind, and leaves the human ſhape.

V. 519. *But ſhe, good Goddeſs,* &c.] The only comfort ſuch people can receive, muſt be owing in ſome ſhape or other to Dulneſs; which makes ſome ſtupid, others impudent; gives ſelf-conceit to ſome, upon the flatteries of their dependents; preſents the falſe colours of intereſt to others; and hufies or amuſes the reſt with idle pleaſures or ſenſuality, till they become eaſy under any infamy. Each of which ſpecies is here ſhadowed under allegorical perſons.

Great ſhades of **, **, **, *, 535
Why all your toils! your ſons have learn'd to ſing;
How quick ambition haſtes to ridicule!
The ſire is made a Peer, the ſon a fool.
On ſome, a prieſt ſuccinct in amice white
Attends; all fleſh is nothing in his ſight! 540
Beeves at his touch at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is ſhrunk into an urn.
The board with ſpecious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can ſhine?) 545
Explains the *ſeve* and *verdeur* of each vine.
What cannot copious ſacrifice atone?
Thy treufles, perigord! thy hams, bayone!
With French libation and Italian ſtrain,
Waſh Bla* white, and expiate Ha**'s ſtain. 550
Kn—t

REMARKS.

V. 543. *The board with* ſpecious miracles *he loads*, &c.] *Scriblerus* ſeems at a loſs in this place. *Specioſa miracula*, (ſays he) according to *Horace*, were the monſtrous fables of the *Cyclops*, *Læſtrygons*, *Scylla*, &c. What relation have theſe to the transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I ſhall tell thee. The *Læſtrygons* ſpitted men upon ſpears, as we do larks upon ſkewers: and the fair pigeon turned to a toad is ſimilar to the fair virgin *Scylla* ending in a filthy beaſt. But here is the difficulty: why pigeons in ſo ſhocking a ſhape ſhould be brought to a table? hares indeed might be cut into larks at a ſecond dreſſing, out of frugality; yet that ſeems no probable motive, when we conſider the extravagance before mentioned of diſſolving whole oxen and boars into a ſmall vial of jelly; nay it is expreſly ſaid, that *all fleſh is nothing in his ſight*. I have ſearched in *Apicius*, *Pliny*, and the feaſt of *Trimalchio*, in vain: I can only reſolve it into ſome myſterious ſuperſtitious rite, as it is ſaid to be done by a *prieſt*, and ſoon after called a *ſacrifice*, and attended (as all ancient ſacrifices were) with libation and ſong. SCRIBL.

This good ſcholiaſt, not being acquainted with modern luxury, was ignorant that theſe were only the miracles of *French* cookery, and that particularly *pigeons en crapeau* were a common diſh.

V. 545.—*ſeve* and *verdeur*] *French* terms relating to wines. *St. Evremont* has a very pathetick letter to a Nobleman in diſgrace, adviſing him to ſeek comfort in a good table, and particularly to be attentive to theſe qualities in his champaigne.

V. 550. *Bla*—, *Ha*—*s*.] Names of gameſters. *Bla*— is a black man. *Robert Knight* Caſhier of the *South-ſea* company,

Kn—t lifts the head, for what are crowds undone
To three eſſential partridges in one?
Gone ev'ry bluſh, and ſilent all reproach,
Contending princes take them in their coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her *titles* and *degrees*.
Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpear at the inns of court,
Impale a glow-worm, or vertù profeſs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Free-Maſons, join the ſilent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some Botaniſts, or Floriſts at the leaſt;
Or iſſue members of an annual feaſt.
Nor paſt the meaneſt unregarded, one
Roſe a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The laſt, not leaſt in honour or applauſe,
Iſis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.
Then, bleſſing all, Go children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair.

REMARKS.

company, who fled from *England* in 1720—Theſe lived with the utmoſt magnificence at *Paris*, and kept open tables, frequented by perſons of the firſt Quality of *England*, and even by princes of the Blood of *France*.

V. 550. *Bla*—&c.] The former note of *Bla*—is *a black man*, is very abſurd. The manuſcript here is partly obliterated, and doubtleſs could only have been, *waſh blackmoors white*, alluding to a known proverb. SCRIB.

V. 552.—*three eſſential partridges in one.*] i. e, two diſſolved into quinteſſence to make ſauce for the third. The honour of this invention belongs to *France*, yet has it been excelled by our native luxury, an hundred ſquab turkeys being not unfrequently depoſited in one pye in the biſhopric of *Durham*: to which our author alludes in ver. 583. of this work.

V. 561. *Some, deep Free-Maſons, join the ſilent race.*] The Poet all along expreſſes a very particular concern for this ſilent race: he has here provided, that in caſe they will not waken or open (as was before propoſed) to a *humming bird* or *cockle*, yet at worſt they may be made Free-Maſons; where *Taciturnity* is the only eſſential qualification, as it was one of the chief of the diſciples of *Pythagoras*.

V. 566.—*a Gregorian, or a Gormogon.*] A ſort of lay-brothers, *ſlips* from the root of the Free-Maſons.

All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full:
My ſons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, aſſert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and ſwitch be ſacred to his Grace:
With ſtaff and pumps the Marquis lead the race;
From ſtage to ſtage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the ſun:
The learned Baron butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line:
The Judge to dance his brother Serjeant call;
The Senator at cricket urge the ball:
The Biſhop ſtows (pontific luxury!)
An hundred ſouls of turkeys in a pye:
The ſturdy Squire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a ſoupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make ſenates dance.

REMARKS.

V. 574. —*each* privilege *your own*, &c.] This ſpeech of Dulneſs to her ſons at parting may poſſibly fall ſhort of the reader's expectation: who may imagine the Goddeſs might give them a charge of more conſequence, and, from ſuch a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of ſomething more extraordinary, than to perſonate running-footmen, jockeys, ſtage-coachmen, &c.

But if it be well conſidered, that whatever inclination they might have to do miſchief, her ſons are generally rendered harmleſs by their inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulneſs (even in her greateſt efforts) to defeat her own deſign; the Poet I am perſuaded will be juſtified, and it will be allowed that theſe worthy perſons, in their ſeveral ranks, do as much as can be expected from them. And we ſee he was aware of this, by ſingling out one or two who aimed higher, but at the ſame time tells us that their aims muſt be unſucceſsful.

V. 580. *Arachne's ſubtile line.*] This is one of the moſt ingenious employments aſſigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving ſtockings of the webs of ſpiders, ſee the *Phil. tranſact.*

V. 588. *Teach Kings to fiddle.*] An ancient amuſement of ſovereign princes, (viz.) *Achilles, Alexander, Nero*; tho' deſpiſed by *Themiſtocles*, who was a republican.—*Make ſenates dance*, either after their prince, or to *Pontiſe*, or *Siberia*.

Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Strive to my liſt to add one monarch more——
But here, vain Icarus! thy flight confine,
Forbear! nor hope to make that Monarch thine:
Blind with ambition! to think princes things
Made juſt for thee, as all beſide for Kings.——

More ſhe had ſaid, but yawn'd—all Nature nods:
What mortal can reſiſt the yawn of Gods?
Churches and chappels inſtantly it reach'd,
(St. James's firſt, for leaden G-lb-t preach'd)
Then catch'd the ſchools; the hall ſcarce kept awake;
The convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak:
Loſt was the nation's ſenſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn uniſon went round;
Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm;

The

REMARKS.

V. 589. contains a wiſe advice to all firſt miniſters, but eſpecially to any unable one.

V. 596. *What mortal can reſiſt the yawn of Gods?*] This verſe is truly *Homerical*, as is the concluſion of the action, where the great mother compoſes all, in the ſame manner as *Minerva* at the period of the *Odyſſey*.—It may indeed ſeem a very ſingular epitaſis of a poem, to end as this does, with a *great yawn*; but we muſt conſider it as the *yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. Nor is it out of nature, moſt long and grave counſels concluding in this very manner; nor without authority, the incomparable *Spencer* having ended one of the moſt conſiderable of his works with a *roar*, but then it is the *roar of a lion*, the effects whereof are deſcribed as the cataſtrophe of his poem.

V. 597. *Churches and chappels*, &c.] The progreſs of this yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. Firſt it ſeizeth the churches and chappels: Then catcheth the ſchools; where, tho' the boys be unwilling to ſleep, the maſters are not: Next Weſtminſter-hall, much more hard indeed to ſubdue, and not totally put to ſilence even by the Goddeſs: Then the convocation; which, tho' extremely deſirous to ſpeak, yet cannot: Even the houſe of Commons, juſtly called the *ſenſe of the nation*, is *loſt* (that is to ſay, *ſuſpended*) during the yawn (far be it from our author to ſuggeſt it could be loſt any longer!) but it ſpreadeth at large over all the reſt of the kingdom, to ſuch a degree, that *Palinurus* himſelf (tho' as incapable of ſleeping as *Jupiter*) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which, tho' ever ſo momentary, could not but cauſe ſome relaxation, for the time, in all publick affairs.

The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd treaties in each office ſlept;
And chiefleſs armies doz'd out the campaign;
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

O Muſe! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort memories, and Dunces none)
Relate, who firſt, who laſt reſign'd to reſt?
Whoſe heads ſhe partly, whoſe compleatly bleſt?
What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and intrance the dull?
Till drown'd was ſenſe, and ſhame, and right, and wrong.
Oh ſing, and huſh the nations with thy ſong!

While

REMARKS.

V. 606, 608.] Theſe verſes were written many years ago, and may be found in the ſtate-poems of that time. So that *Scriblerus* is miſtaken, or whoever elſe wrote the argument prefixt to this book, where it is ſaid, "the "effects of the yawn are not unfelt "at this day."

V. 610. *Wits have ſhort memories.*] This ſeems to be the reaſon why the Poets, whenever they give us a catalogue, conſtantly call for help on the Muſes, who, as the daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So *Homer, Iliad* 2.

Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι, οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ' ——

And *Virgil, Æn.* 7.

Et meminiſtis enim, Divæ, & memorare poteſtis:
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

But our Poet had yet another reaſon for putting this task upon the muſe; that all beſides being *aſleep*, ſhe only could relate what paſſed. SCRIB.

V. 618. —*o'er the land and deep.*] It was but neceſſary for the Poet to ſay this expreſly, that *Britain* might not be ſuppos'd to be in this condition alone, but in company with all other nations of *Europe*. It had been a monſtrous impropriety, in ſuch a caſe, to have made any nation keep awake, except *France*. But our Poet, tho' a Satyriſt, is an utter enemy to all national reflections. SCRIB.

It is impoſſible to lament ſufficiently the loſs of the reſt of this poem, juſt at the opening of ſo fair a ſcene as the invocation ſeems to promiſe. It is to be hop'd however that the

While the great mother bids Britannia ſleep,
And pours her ſpirit o'er the land and deep.

* * * * * *
* * * * *

Deſt FINIS.

the Poet completed it, and that it will not be loſt to poſterity, if we may truſt to a hint given in one of his ſatires.

Publiſh the preſent age, but where the text
Is vice too high, reſerve it for the next.

FINIS.

N. B. *In the Greek Quotations in general are ſome* Errata, *occaſioned by the Abſence of* Scriblerus, *who only of all the Commentators was Maſter of that Language.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 8 JUY